

OFF THE WALL





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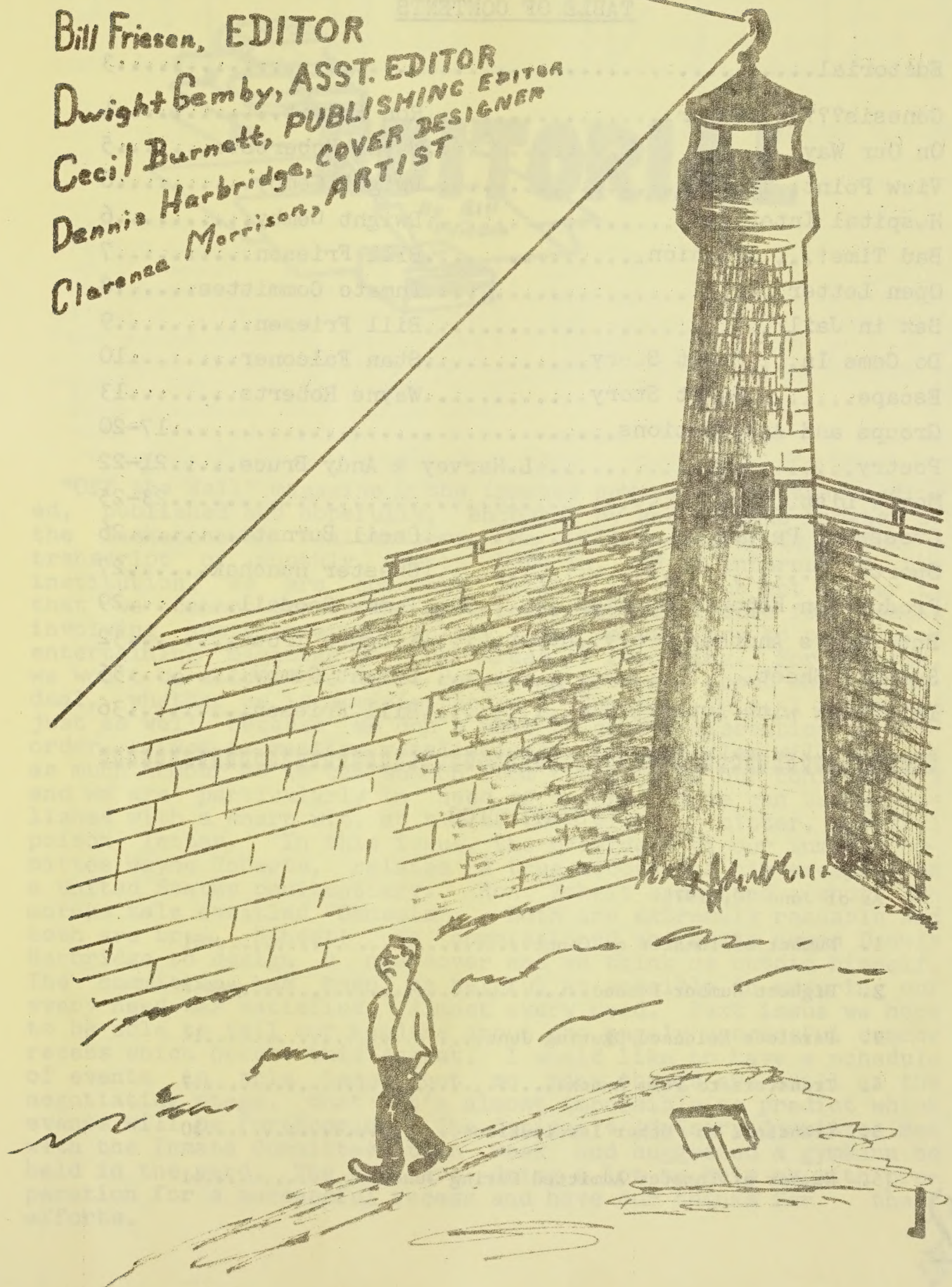
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OFF THE WALL

Volume 1, No.1

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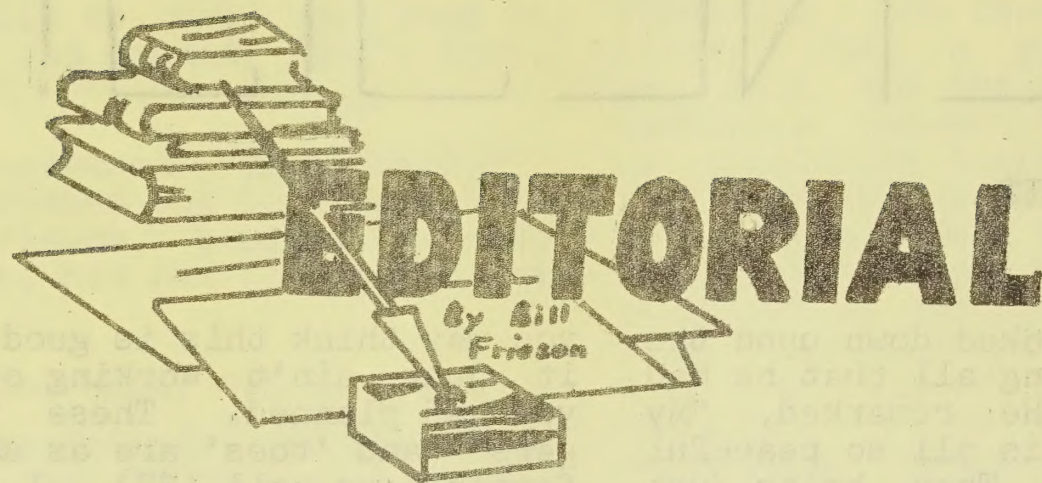
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STATISTICS

As of June 30, 1975

1. Number of Inmates on Count.....	461
2. Highest Number Issued.....	#4464
3. Parolees Released During June.....	14
4. Transfers to Farm Annex.....	7
5. Transfers to Other Institutions.....	30
6. Number of Inmates Admitted During June.....	41



"Off the Wall" magazine is the inmates newspaper; written, edited, published and hopefully, enjoyed, by and for the inmates of the Saskatchewan Penitentiary. We will endeavour to produce a transcript of monthly events both in, and of interest to, the institution. We are somewhat limited in the subject matter in that we cannot pursue the more controversial issues for reasons involving administration policy, but we will try to produce an entertaining magazine in other areas of reporting. For example, we won't be allowed to write demeaning articles about any individual, whether he is administration or inmate. This, I think, is just as well because we don't want to create dissention or disorder. (Not to mention retaliation). Our articles will contain as much humour as we can summon from the pens of our contributors and we are particularly in need of satire. More can be accomplished with a sharp wit, at times, than with a bitter, spiteful poison letter. In this issue, the president of our inmate committee Wayne Roberts, relates a true account of his escape from a United States penitentiary. Ron Emkeit submitted a short humorous tale entitled "Genesis". Both are extremely readable and both are true. Honest! We commissioned an inmate named Dennis Harbridge to design a new cover and we think he outdid himself. The committee has been as helpful as possible in ensuring our every need was satisfied. Almost every need. Next issue we hope to be able to tell our readers about the hugely successful summer recess which occurs this August. I would like to have a schedule of events in this issue but so many things are still at the negotiating stage, that it's almost impossible to predict which events will be forthcoming. The Citizen's Advisory Committee met with the Inmate Committee this week and suggested a gymkana be held in the yard. The CAC are doing a lot to help us with preparation for a successful recess and have our thanks for their efforts.

GENESIS??

BY RON EMKEIT

God (??) looked down upon the earth surveying all that he had created. He remarked, "My goodness, it is all so peaceful and serene". Then, being just and good and wise in all things, God decided that he must create MAN.

He took all manner of 'necessary' things - things like heartache, hatred, fear and torment. He dropped them all in a bag and shook it up until it looked like something.

God looked upon his creation and just as he was about to say, "It is good!", he noticed that it had a minor flaw. All of the necessities of man were draining out of the fingers and toes (God felt that calling these appendages fingers and toes was rather creative and he was extremely proud of himself). Anyway, everything was running out of the fingers and toes so rather than empty the bag and start again he added just enough love and tenderness to keep man in a constant state of turmoil. Then he quickly sealed off the 'fingers' and 'toes' with large knots.

God was pleased with himself and he said, "It is good." But man was not pleased and he bitterly complained, "Look Dad,

you may think this is good but it just ain't working out as you had planned. These 'fingers' and 'toes' are as uncomfortable as hell (??). I can't climb trees as these knots are always getting caught. Besides, they don't look nice. They look silly; like sausages. What will all my friends say?" Then man whined to his creator, "Please Dad, how about fixing them up?"

God was perplexed and just a tiny bit perturbed (man was beginning to be more bother than he was worth). But, God, being all merciful and all good put his mind to the problem. For a while he was at a loss for an improvement; everything he thought of was just as useless, or ugly, or uncomfortable as the knots. Then he exclaimed, "By Jove, I think I've got it!" God had realized that someday man would invent upholstery and he thought, "Why can't the upholstery principle be applied in this situation?"

He immediately set to work creating tacks that he called 'finger nails' and 'toe nails' (God beamed at this minor stroke

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GENESIS??

(Continued from last page)

of creative genius). He took the nails to man, put them in place and asked, "How's that, man?"

Man answered, "Right-on, God!" then rushed out to show all of his friends, especially the serpent, his new finger and toe nails.

And God said, "It is good!"

Now my friends, you may chuckle and say, "What a cute little tale". But this is not a tale; this is the truth and I can

prove it! Hold your finger (or your toe) in front of your eyes. Turn it over. Study it (never mind what your friends may think if they catch you doing this). Take a good look and you will see the striking resemblance between the nail and an upholstery tack! You will also see the striking similarity between your finger print (or toe print) and the tuck and roll of an upholstered chair! With this indisputable proof, and your own powers of reason can there be any other logical conclusion that the one I have just put forth? I think not!

ON OUR WAY

By Wayne Roberts

"On Our Way" is the slogan that has been chosen for our two-week holiday. What does "On Our Way" signify? The progress that we have made with in the last six months. It means that we are on our way to getting bigger and better things in the future. It means that convicts are finally getting their heads together. It means that we have our foot in the door; we are getting a little of the responsibility that we had long been asking for.

Unite, because we are on our way to being treated like responsible human beings.

During our two-weeks we will show the public, the prison administrators, and ourselves that we are on our way to becoming more responsible human beings. Responsibility means that we be able to function as human beings, able to manage our own lives, to be more aware of each other.

VIEW POINT

By Dwight Gemby

Making my rounds of the yard, I entered the old central dome and was surprised to see four or five trucks bearing outside names on the panel, I understand that they are in the mist of building a new dorm for the people of C-7, I was trying to figure out why the government is wasting several hundred thousand dollars, by paying wages out to these outside people for work, and they have a couple of hundred inmates in

here, along with the instructors of these shops, not unlike our brothers of the east. We are looking forward to the day when we will receive a minimum wage, and what could be a better way to earn it, my theory is rather simple, take the shop instructor and their crews, and let the inmates work on these shops or new dorms, pay the inmate a wage, it may take longer but it could give the inmate a wage and something to work towards.

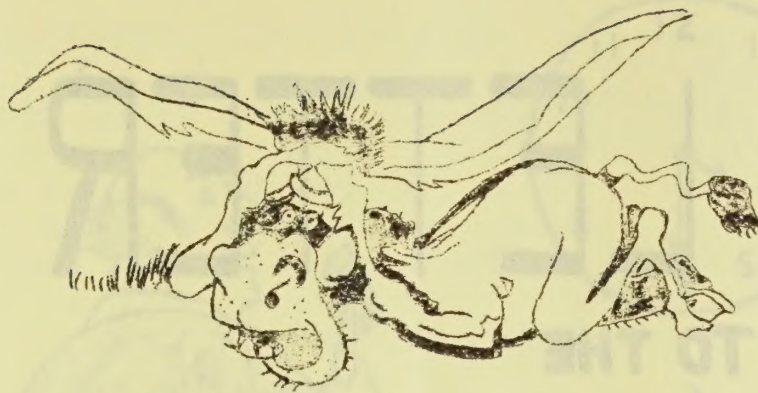
HOSPITAL REPORT

INTERVIEWED With Blake Peters

By D. Gemby

This being the first time I had a chance to tour the new hospital, I was very impressed after the tour, Mr. Blake Peters, the intern in charge, explained about the modern equipment supplied for the hospital, such as a 35000 dollar x-ray machine, the two way intercom system from room to main office, there is a small kitchen, rec room, two showers, two bathtubs, the new dentist offices will boast two chairs, no waiting for hours, Mr. Peters has also stated that all staff are in the mist of doing exams on blood testing, this will improve the medical knowledge of the interns, plus it will save

an inmate days of waiting for results if he is sick, the treatment room is very spacious, and a person doesn't have to leave the room to change his mind. I found the hospital to be very clean and fresh, after a rap session with an inmate "Ian Herrod, I found out that if you are really sick". Ian states, it is a good place, otherwise he was just bored, he watches TV from 9:00 to 10:30 a.m.; 1:30 to 3:30, and 6:30 to 9:00 p.m. so unlike the old hospital, no inmate is on strict lock up. All in all the new hospital looks to be an improvement over the last one.



BAD TIME

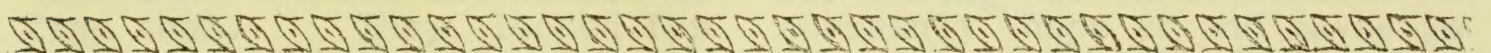
By Bill Friesen

When does good-time become bad-time? After you've lost it, of course! As all of us are painfully aware, so-called good time or 'copper' in the vernacular, is easily lost. In the past we simply put in a request to have our lost remission returned and it was either returned or it wasn't. Simple and no mental hassle. The warden was allowed to return up to thirty days and the regional director could return up to sixty days.

On the face of it, directive #217 (available in library) is a step forward. The warden may return sixty days and the regional director ninety. So far it sounds OK, right? If that were all there was to it, I think it would be fine, but now, if your classification officer doesn't feel you deserve to regain lost time, he needn't pass your request any further. The classification officer I interviewed, suggested that the inmate see his classification

officer as soon as possible upon loss of remission. The inmate will be put on a program which will show if the inmate has actually improved and is motivated by self-reform. All this dependent on facilities in that particular institution and on the capabilities of the individual in question. This program should be completed and application made at least sixty days before you hoped for release date.

At first glance this appears to be a forward step but I feel that aside from the extra time possible, the whole thing will be an added string for the classification department to pull. Prince Albert Penitentiary is not rehabilitation-oriented and possibly, having to 'show progress' will be unfair to the inmate who simply minds his own business and does not join groups or clubs which are the usual criteria for judging the inmates' progress.



Mr. Mathers, in charge of staff training, expressed a desire the have the inmate committee become involved in the training of new officers on an

ongoing basis. This forward-looking concept is a direct result of the good impression the inmates made on the judges.

OPEN LETTER

TO THE

FIVE DISTRICT COURT

JUDGES

of ALBERTA

Sirs:

Thank you for the human concern shown during your recent visit to Prince Albert, federal facilities and inhabitants of these. We, Inmate Committee of Saskatchewan Penitentiary, wish to express our gratitude for the opportunity your group afforded us to discuss the matter of sentences.

Your recent conducted tour has been viewed by this committee as a major step towards better informing those persons active and influential in the judicial and penal reform process.

We hope this visit will not be soon forgotten and that your impressions of the 'concerned inmate' has bettered, to a degree that will further your own confidence in the intention as well as purpose of incarceration. We remain,

respectfully yours,

INMATE COMMITTEE
SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY



SEX IN JAIL?

By Bill Friesen

A group of judges from Alberta visited us here and spent most of the day escorted by the inmate committee. A not altogether cowardly act in view of the recent hostage situation. Admittedly with some trepidation these men of the bench set out to gain some insight into what their decisions actually meant when that decision resulted in a prison sentence for some hapless individual of the night. They toured the shops seeking signs of rehabilitative trades or courses and failed to find them. They looked for positive results of lengthy sentences and failed to see any. They looked for thugs and mouth breathers and found well spoken, intelligent men in whose company they found mental stimulation. They found an overwhel-

ming need for more visits by more judges. They found only a couple of thugs. Tommy Goodall was the thug they talked with and they caught a brief glimpse of master-thief "Dutch Van Ufflen". These two are exceptions however, as most of us are here by mistake or miscarriage of justice.

An optimist suggested that this particular group of judges will be more lenient in the near future and might not back-slide for a long as three months. I certainly hope so and maybe we can get them back for another indoctrination by then. In the meantime, all of us would like to have the parole board meet with us in a similar circumstance. Bring a helicopter and half-a-million in small bills.

DO

COME

IN

BY STAN FALCONER

of the John Howard Society

Being of stout heart and stingy mind, I offer this story in hopes that I may capture the coveted three dollar prize for best fiction story. Before I begin I should suggest that to some, this story may be fact and to others it may be fiction.

The car rounds the corner, nestles into the curb and gears down in an effort to be part of the silence that permeates the air in front of the one-only, super-duper, electronically-controlled gate. Our man steps out, takes a deep breath, and breaks the silence as he purposely slams the door. His mind clicks into gear as he shifts it into bull-low, and pops the clutch.

First thought - a recognition of the silence that surrounds the entire scene. How peaceful and quiet is this scene, the silence being broken only by the odd black bird and a handful of smart-aleck sparrows. The walk to the gate is methodical. He dares himself to look left and focuses in on a perpetual brick wall. On looking left, he finds it only natural to look right. The wall continues off into the countryside; the landscape broken only by a few man-made trees and a blue half-ton truck, obviously parked strategically along the wall. The gate mechanically slides back and reverses its course as he penetrates the wall. He enjoys the luxury of using the right-hand door, reserved only for staff. The lock is triggered and he enters. With-

out thinking, he lists to the left and sashays up to the registration book, sitting on a very utilitarian table. Picking up the pencil, he begins to sign his name and freaks when he focuses on the name above his own. It also happens to be his, there from an afternoon visit. A friendly smile is extended to a friendly matron, who oversees the electronic metal detector. Thanks to the invention of electronics and the practical use thereof, another door chatters as it strains to slide back on its runners.

Our man finds himself in a long, narrow corridor, flanked on both sides by painted cindercrete blocks and doorways. He begins to gear up for his grand entrance into the fabled "dome" area. Half-way down the corridor a smile begins to form and sticks on his face, as he looks through yet another electronically controlled sliding gate, where he sees a couple of his

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friends clear across the opposite side of the dome. Like a flash-back, a rather large officer lumbers across the narrow corridor from the squad office, which is down from the Officer's Mess and across from the Officer's Lounge, which is adjacent to the dome gate-keeper's cage, which is across from the gun cage. One more gate, and he'll be there! Without question, the gate slides open and he enters a new realm of existence.

This new realm is also one of virtual silence. A few guips and remarks from his friends in the dome replace the chatter of the birds. Three or four custody officers replace the man-made trees, with the only difference being that the officers are all watching our man. He doesn't know whether to walk, run, slink, trot, hop, or just

get across that dome any way he can. One thought seems to replace another in his mind. On the one hand he wants to be noticed and on the other hand, he hopes people are looking the other way. He is terribly alone as he reaches the epicentre of the dome. More and more the presence of his new friends on the opposite side of the dome becomes comforting and reassuring. As he reaches them, smiles broaden and the usual words are exchanged in greeting. He stands among them, turns around, and for a small moment, tries to put into thought what his body feels.

He feels protected and wanted, as he stands near the wall under the lowest catwalk. We all pass through that moment in time where the dome is at the centre of all things. Our man now knows that he is truly "in" the penitentiary.

~~~~~

## RACY RUMORMONGER

LARRY HARVEY is making wallets out of left-overs from circumcisions. You rub 'em and they turn into suitcases.

JAMIE BAKER has been here so long, he started a letter to his chick: Dear Friend.

JOHN WINRAM, upon being asked his opinion of conjugal visits replied, "Oh, I enjoy them!"

TOMMY SHAND denies that he was treated to a smorgasbord the night of the guards strike. The way I heard it, everyone on F-4 placed their orders on the bars.

AL HUNTLEY and STRETCH REGAN will have to peddle dope to support their protein habits. (It also comes in liquid form via injection.

BRIAN BIRMINGHAM says he won't sell dope when he gets out. He's going to be the protein connection. He makes house calls.

DUTCH VAN UFFELEN is writing a bridge-book called the secret of the Peek Finess.

SQUIRREL'S card-game "can be beaten", but you have to play the nuts.

CHESTER HUNCHAK got the job driving the tractor. Just shows, the work-board gets it right once in a while.

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# HELP WANTED

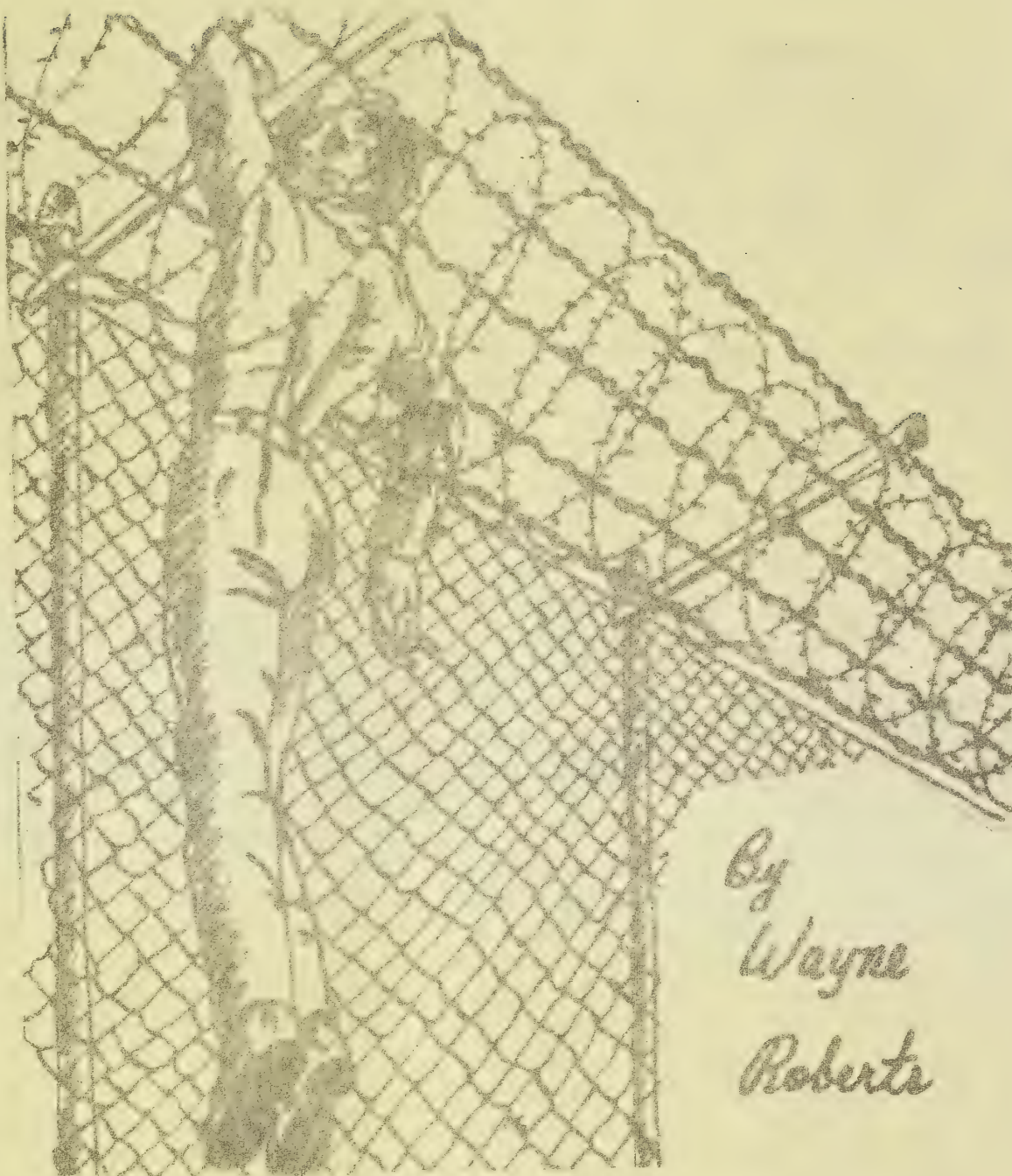
We suggested that the inmates write for OFF THE WALL; short stories, poems, etc, and somebody submitted an article reminiscent of Reader's Digest, entitled "My most unforgettable character I met in Jail". My enthusiasm, meager to begin with, dimmed considerably when I noted that the unforgettable character was Larry Harrison. Larry who? At any rate, the offer is still open, anybody who would like to can submit written material for publication in OFF THE WALL and be eligible for the prizes we're offering. The prizes are \$2.00 canteen each for best poetry, best short story, best original cartoon and best article of whatever subject you desire to expound upon. Helpful hint: Keep 'em short!



"IF I FIND OUT WHO KILGORE IS,"  
I'll Bounce him off the wall!!"



# ESCAPED



*By  
Wayne  
Roberts*

I was running across a plowed field, my lungs bursting; the adrenalin coursing through my veins. I wanted to stop and rest, but fear kept me running. The fear that I would be discovered if I didn't get out of the area quick.

I had escaped! I was free, and they were not going to catch me if I could help it. The Washington State Penitentiary was not for me. I had a plan that called for me to get a house. I had the directions, but I couldn't be sure that the person was not just laying a story on me. I had to find out.

It was six in the afternoon when I reached the road; the fact that I didn't know the area was my greatest worry. Sure, I had the directions, but at night, running, it's hard to distinguish land marks. I stopped to look around and up ahead I saw three large oil tanks. A feeling of satisfaction came over me as I headed for them, knowing Beach Street was just ahead. It started down Beach Street looking for house number 427. I found the number with little trouble; now there was only one

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## ESCAPE

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more thing to check out. I went into the alley and there was a red car, the last three numbers were 381. I had the house.

I glanced at my watch. It had taken nine minutes to get here. I knocked on the back door. I heard footsteps. The door opened and Pete grinned at me. He was a young man, but his thin, angular face was pinched and hard, and his pale gray eyes held no vestige of youth. On his little finger he wore a ring made from a highly polished horseshoe nail. "So you made it," he said. "Come-on-in, I have clothes for you in the bedroom."

I went into the house, through the kitchen, and into the bedroom. Pete handed me a jacket, shirt, pants, and shoes. "you had better shave that beard off", he said. "No, I will shave it off in Canada. When do we leave?" "I think it would be better if we waited until the morning. Come in and meet the wife."

I went into the living room to meet Jean. She was a very pretty girl with long black hair, about twenty-two years old. Pete and Jean made a nice couple.

The news was on T. V. so we sat down to listen. They started off with the usual local news, when all of a sudden they flashed my picture on the screen. It kind of surprised me that they should have my picture so soon, but the description that was given was fairly accurate: "just minutes ago a convict escaped from the Washington State Penitentiary."

Wayne Roberts, twenty-nine of New Brunswick, Canada, serving twenty years for armed robbery and first degree assault. Roberts, is five foot nine inches tall, weighing one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He has light brown hair, hazel eyes, is wearing a mustache, goatee, and was last seen wearing the blue denim prison garb. Roberts served two and a half years of his sentence; he is listed as dangerous."

Jean looked from me to Pete and asked Pete the question. "Is that him?" "Yes," he replied. "My god, Pete, what are you up too." "Just helping a friend. He will leave here tomorrow. I will get Susan to drive him to Pasco, then I will take him into Seattle. There is nothing to worry about." "Well, now that you are free, Wayne, would you like some coffee or a beer?" Jean asked. Pete said, "lets have a beer, Wayne. It's been a long time for you." "Alright," I agreed, "lets have a beer."

IT was twelve o'clock when Jean and Pete went to bed. I had a bed made up on the sofa but I could not sleep. The sound of the house creaking, cars passing by on the street, and plus the fact I was very paranoid, kept me awake all night. I lay on the couch, listening to all these forgotten sounds and trying to lose my thoughts in the music from the radio. I also kept wondering if I would really make it back to Canada. Daylight finally came at six and I was sure glad to see it. I was eager to see what this day would bring. Would I see myself back in a cell? Or would I be in Canada tonight?

Pete got up at six-thirty and called Susan to come over. She

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## ESCAPE

(Continued from last page)

said, "I will be over as soon as I can, but that may be about nine o'clock. I have to get out of the service station." Then Jean got up and we had coffee. I still wasn't hungry. "I will eat in Canada," I said, "good Canadian food." Jean replied, "whats wrong with Yankee?" We laughed. I then picked up a magazine and tried to pass the time reading it.

I just happened to be looking out the window at eight o'clock when a car stopped in front of the house. It was the cops. "Man, how did they know I was here?" I called to Pete and told him. He said, "I will go talk to them; you go into the bedroom, there's a gun under the pillow".

I went into the bedroom and got the gun. It was a thirty-eight revolver. I backed into the clothes closet. I could hear Pete and the cops talking. I heard my name mentioned: "Christ", I thought, "I am going to have to kill somebody here".

After about ten minutes Pete came into the bedroom. "They are gone. Some of the solid cons told them that we were friends and they thought you might be here". Now I was really paranoid. I just wanted to get out of this house, Canada seemed far away.

Susan came about eight-thirty and I was sure happy to see her. She was a small woman, five feet two inches tall, long blonde hair, and the only thing wrong with her was that she wore too much makeup. Pete and I told her that we wanted her to do. She said, "alright lets go". Leaving the house, Susan and I went to her car. The car was a green firebird. I didn't know

the year but it seemed new. Susan flashed a lot of leg getting into the car. I asked her what her outfit was called? "These are hotpants". "WoW!" Was all I could think of to say.

As we drove onto the street and turned the corner, a car pulled in behind us and we watched the car for five blocks. "We are being followed," Susan said. "Do you have a gun?" "Yes, get out on the highway and see what happens." The car kept on following us at a steady pace. I saw a gravel pit up ahead and told Susan to pull in to it. She backed the car in so she could see the other car as it went by. I lowered myself in the seat. "There he goes", Susan said. "Did he look at you?" "No, I don't really think he was following us, maybe we're just paranoid."

"I'm going to get in the trunk for a few miles just in case," I said. Susan opened the trunk and looked me in. "Are you sure you can breath in there?" "Yes, I can breath." "Well, hellor if you want out."

I was all curled up in a ball. Well, I thought, this is better than going back to jail.

Susan drove on into Pasco, Washington. The trip took about two hours. When she let me out from the trunk, I was doing a few deep knee bends to get the kinks out of my legs when Pete drove up.

Susan said, "well I don't think I will see you again, so, good luck." Then she kissed me good-bye. The first kiss I had in two and a half years. It was nice.

Pete and I started for Seattle, still driving Susan's car.

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## ESCAPE

(Continued from last page)

She had driven Pete's car back to Walla Walla.

Other than a few state troopers beside the highway, the trip to Seattle was uneventful. We arrived in Seattle at four p.m. and Pete drove to an auto body shop. I stayed in the car. Pete was back in a few minutes, saying, "Come on." He led me to the back room. "Stay here until I come back; if you need anything Charlie will get it for you. Just don't let anyone see you." A second later Charlie came in with ham sandwiches and half a dozen beer. He was a small black man with a long scar on his left cheek. He said, "anything you need, man, just call. There are some magazines there to read. I'll be working right outside." "Thanks man, I appreciate it."

Pete came back within an hour and he was worried. He called Jean and she had told him that the cops were looking for him. She also said that she had told them that he was in Seattle on business.

Pete said, "I have made arrangements with a friend to take you to Sumas where you can cross the border easy. Rex will pick you up here at six o'clock. Charlie knows him and will introduce you. If you make any big money and can afford to send Jean some money, do it, she could use a little something." "Alright, Pete, I will do my best and thanks for everything. I won't forget it."

Rex picked me up at six sharp. He was a tall skinny guy with curly black hair. He had just been released from McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary.

It was one hundred and thirty miles to Sumas; Rex and I rap-

ped about joints and capers on the way.

WE didn't see a cop until we were three miles from the border. At this time, Rex was doing eighty miles per hour. The cop took out after us. "The bastards coming," Rex said, as he hunched down behind the wheel and punched the gas pedal to the floor. The car leaped ahead. Rex was chewing on his lip and cursing. I was thinking, "So near and yet so far." But I wasn't busted yet.

I told Rex, "when we get around the next corner slow down because I am going to jump." "No just hang touch and we will lose this dog. Besides its only another mile." I sat there, fearing biting into my guts I could visualize road blocks, police dogs, machine guns, the whole bit.

Rex said, "I will let you out up ahead. Go straight until you cross the railroad tracks, then look to your left and you should see the border crossing, good luck." I thanked him, and got out.

I never really noticed that it was raining until I got out of the car and started walking. I had a lot of help and now I was on my own. I crossed the tracks after a half a mile and sure enough, there was the border crossing to my left. I walked across another plowed field. The rain was now pouring; I must have looked a real mess, but I was free.

I didn't feel like I was in Canada, until I came to the road and saw the border crossing a quarter mile behind me. A great joy spread through me. I danced and sang right there in the rain. Three years I had been trying to get back to Canada. Well, I finally made it.



# PLEASE RETURN THESE BOOKS TO THE LIBRARY

"The CIA and The Cult of Intelligence", "The Green Hills of Earth", "Who-What-When-Where-How-Why Made Easy", "Hinge of Fate", "Travels with Charley", "Encyclopedia of Murder", "A Companion to Murder", "Great Photographers", "Bill Severn's Big Book of Magic", "Male Chauvinism! How It Works", "Guinness Book of Records", "You Can If You Think You Can", "Wheels", "Portrait Painting", "Brando!", "Contract Bridge Made Easy", "On Her Majesty's Secret Service", "Cogan's Trade", "A Touch of Danger", "Sleeping Beauty", "Mayday", "The Bizarre Murders", "Cannery Row", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "A Hero Ain't Nothin' But a Sandwich", "The Ranch at Powder River Treachery Trail", "The Witnesses", "Time of the Unicorn", "Fifty-two Pick-Up", "Proudly They Die", "The Dark Side of Love", and "The Fifth Horseman".

## CLUBS AND GROUPS

Chess Club - Wednesday  
A. A. Group - Tuesday & Friday  
Drama Club - Monday  
Gavel Club - Wednesday  
Exercise Class - three after-  
                                noons per week.  
Visitation - Thursday

This is for all of you who have heard the announcement "Visitation" and wondered what it is. I decided to attend last Thursday and meet a lot of

very interested, interesting people from the community of Prince Albert who come in once a week to visit. The only rule is that you must not receive visits from any other people. These good people come to shine some light into an otherwise empty existence and are greatly appreciated by the men who would otherwise receive no outside conversation and friendship. I hope this activity is given all the support necessary to keep it as a viable program.



# ALL NATIVE AA GROUP

By Pete Kahan

A recent proposal was endorsed by the chairman of Saskatchewan Institutional A.A., the chairman of the Nor-Kel Group and the President of the Native Brotherhood to establish an all Native A.A. Group inside our village of Saskatchewan Penitentiary. It is a positive step forward towards the rehabilitation of our Native People here facing the Alcoholic Dilemma of a white man's disease. Their problems were compounded by their social problems and inequalities heaped upon them that the teachings of the present A.A. Group was not effective.

Knowing this, the Native People demand understanding and this can only be achieved by those who are natives, born with the same inferiority complex in our modern society, and

be in the same environment. In other words, to feel like an Indian, one has to be an Indian.

The true philosophies of A.A. is to render help to those who happen to become the victims of this liquid drug called alcohol help in a sense that they may not be doomed by this silent killer of our modern society. Therefore, the Native People having approx 65% membership in the present A.A. and only 15-20 % participation called for





## ALL NATIVE AA GROUP

(Continued from lastpage)  
drastic review because A.A. was not achieving what it was supposed to.

To probe into its Rehabilitative Ineffectiveness, a research was carried out among the Native population. The findings were astonishing - that there was a definite lack of communication and understanding because of their shyness and their inability to express their true feelings - compounded with their

other social problems, it led to non-participation and therefore non-effective program.

It was further revealed that that greater achievement could be obtained if they were among their own kind, express in their own tongue and be in their own created environment where there could be positive communication.

In conclusion, it was agreed that both the A.A. Groups will cooperate together to further the teachings of A. A. philosophies.

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# A.A.GROUP WITHIN SASKATCHEWAN PENITENTIARY

By HAROLD JUNIOR  
*Chairman*  
Nor-Kel A.A.Group

The A.A. Group within these walls presently holds two meetings per week. They are held on Tuesday and Friday nights from 6:15 to 8 p.m., in the RTI Area anyone is welcomed to attend whether it be just to have a look or to become an active member. If you are new to this institution or old doesn't matter, and members of the group will be willing to help or an-

swer any questions that you might wish to ask. You do not need a pass or an escort, if you wish to attend, only to show up at the RTI Area. If anyone would like to know more of our group, I suggest that you get in touch with any member who belongs or myself and I know we will try and help you all we can.



# EDUCATION

Mr. Wolfe of the School Department offers two basic programs for inmates. The Blade is a basic literary program and covers up to grade four. The adult program covers grades five to ten. Given the participation, that is fifteen to thirty inmates, Mr. Wolfe will procure almost any course. Courses available at the present

time, if the quantity of interested inmates is high enough, are: (all first-year university)

History 102, Political Science  
Philosophy, Music

A basic business administration course is starting July 3 to run until thirty hours of instruction has been taken.

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## CAPTION Contest!





# FOR THOSE WHO DREAM!!

And the sleek dark night bird came  
and landed on my window of bars.

"Come" said he, "and we shall fly  
to the land of dreams."

"But why" said I, "do we need dreams?"

"My friend" said he, with a soft shuffle  
of his downy dress -

"But take a look at these locks and  
bars and then your heart will know."

"Yes," mumbled I, "I see your point."

"But my friend," he feriously whispered, "only you can decide  
if you want to dream!"

Looking around me at reality,  
I slowly nodded "yes."

"That's good," he softly breathed, "for without your  
dreams, you only have this cell."

Plucking a dark glowing feather from his  
breast, he tossed it down onto my bed.

"Can you fly?" asked he.

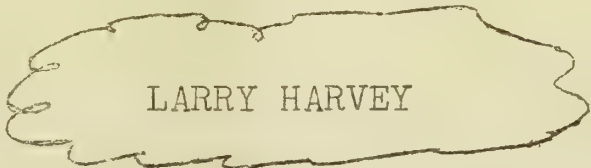
"No", I fearly whispered

"Then take that feather in your hand,  
heart and soul and then all that  
remains, is that you must believe in  
your dreams."

"Ah," said I, "I see," and clutched  
the feather to my heart.

With that, we flew out in search of dreams.

After seeking out a harbour of light, we swam in the warm  
softness of amber and blue dreams.



LARRY HARVEY



# THE POEMS OF ANDY BRUCE

I sometimes think of it  
as a journey  
thru light into darkness  
a never ending process of becoming,  
becoming  
yet never attaining the realm of certainty...

I sometimes think of it  
as a universal stage where  
cats and mice play out their roles  
from a manuscript of circumstances;  
where teeth is a proverbial donkey  
forever kicking itself in the ass...

I sometimes think of it  
as an abstract study  
in multi-color differences where  
people become spiders weaving  
their one strand of contradiction  
managing  
only to capture themselves...

i wish i were a poet  
with ten words to me;  
an array of ones for ten  
i'd be the envy of someone  
who had to  
take me apart  
and lay me out all bare  
to find that what i meant  
was only meant for me to share  
with myself - i alone  
thats what  
i'd do  
if i could write a poem.



# A LIST OF MOVIES

THE SHOWS WILL COMMENCE JULY 11 AND WILL RUN ONCE WEEKLY  
UNTIL SEPTEMBER 5 AFTER WHICH THERE WILL BE TWO SHOWS  
PER WEEK. THE SHOW FOR JULY 11 IS "THE OUTFIT".

"Emperor of the North" Lee Mar-  
vin, Ernest Borgnine - WeC

"Kid Blue" Dennis Hopper, War-  
ren Oates, Peter Boyle - WeC

"Trouble Man" Paul Winfield,  
Robert Hooks, Paula Kelly - CrC

"When the Legends Die" Richard

Widmark, Frederic Forrest-  
Western Color 105 minutes

"The Poseidon Adventure" Gene  
Hackman, Shelly Winters -Drama  
Color 120 minutes.

"M.A.S.H." Donald Sutherland,

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

## FOOTNOTES

Ac = Action  
Ad = Adventure  
Cr = Crime  
Cy = Comedy  
C = Color

D = Drama  
E = Espionage  
Thriller  
M = Musical  
B = Black &  
White

SciFi = Science  
Fiction  
S = Suspense  
We = Western  
Wr = War



MOVIE LIST  
(Continued from last page)

Elliot Gould, CyC 116 minutes.  
"Concert for Bangladesh" George Harrison, Ringo Star-MC 99 min.  
"Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid" Paul Newman, Robert Redford - WeC 110 minutes  
"The French Coonection" Gene Hackman, Fernanado Rey - Crime Color 104 minutes.  
"The Hot Rock" Robert Redford, George Segal - CrC 101 minutes  
"Myra Breckenridge" John Huston, Raquel Welch - CyC 94 minutes.  
"The Kremlin Letter" Patrick O'Neal, Barbara Parkins - Espionage Color 120 minutes.  
"Making It" Kristoffer Tabouri, Marilyn Mason - DC 95 minutes.  
"Little Murders" Elliot Gould, Marcia Rodd - CyC 110 minutes.  
"Vanishing Point" Barry Newman, Cleavon Little - SC 99 minutes.  
"Walkabout" Jenny Agutter, Lucien John - AdC 96 minutes.  
"They Call Me Trinity" Terrence Hill, Bud Spencer - WeC 110 min  
"J.C." Bill McGaha, Hannibal Penney, Action Color 101 mins.  
"Celebration at Big Sur" Joan Biaz, David Crosby - MC 82 mins  
"Patton" George C. Scott, Karl Malden, War Color 144 minutes.  
"Four Clowns" Laurel & Hardy Comedy Black & White 98 mins.  
"Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" Dolly Read, Cynthia Myers - DC 110 minutes.  
"The Panic in Needlepark" Al Pacino, Kitty Winn - DC 110 m.  
"Carnal Knowledge" Jack Nicholson, Candice Bergen - DC 96 m.  
"Tora! Tora! Tora!" E. G. Marshall, Jason Robarts -WrC 144 m

"Che" Omar Sharif, Jack Palance, War Color 96 minutes  
"The Magus" Anthony Quinn, Candice Bergen, - Color 114 minutes  
"Stillette" Patrick O'Neal, Barbara McNair - SC 100 minutes  
"Lady in Cement" Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch - Drama Color.  
"Lolly Madonna" Rod Steiger, Katherine Squire - Color 103 m.  
"The Prize" Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson - Color 136 mins.  
"Point Blank" Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, CrC 92 minutes  
"The Grapes of Wrath" Henry Fonda, Doris Bowden - D 128 m.  
"Travels with my Aunt" Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens - Crime Color 111 minutes.  
"Slither" James Caan, Sally Kellerman - Comedy Color.  
"The Outfit" Robert Duvall, Karen Black - Crime Color.  
"Soylent Green" Charlton Heston, Chuck Connors, Color 98 minutes.  
"The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing" Burt Reynolds, Sarah Miles - Color 115 minutes.  
"Patt. Garrett & Billy the Kid" James Coburn, Kris Kristofferson Western Color.  
"The Grand Prix" James Garner, Eva Marie Saint - AdC 175 mins.  
"Lolita" James Mason, Sue Lyons - Drama B/W 152 minutes  
"Where Eagles Dare" Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood - War Color 158 minutes.  
"The Time Machine" Robert Young Science Fiction Color 103 mins.  
"The Dirty Dozen" Lee Marvin, Ernest Borgnine War Color 140m.  
"Kelly's Heroes" Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalco - AcC 145 mins.

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MOVIE LIST  
(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE)

|                                                                                                     |                                                                                                |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| "The Maltese Bippy" Dan Rowan,<br>Dick Martin - CyC 92 minutes.                                     | "Kansas City Bomber" Raquel<br>Welch - Action Color 99 minutes                                 |
| "The Wild Rovers" William Hold-<br>en, Ryan O'Neal - AcC 103 mins.                                  | "The Liquidator" Rod Taylor,<br>Jill St. John - AcC 104 minutes.                               |
| "Welcome to Hard Times" Henry<br>Fonda, Jancie Rule - DC 103 m.                                     | "Marlowe" James Garner - Action<br>Color 100 minutes.                                          |
| "Guns of San Sebastian" Anthony<br>Quinn, Charles Bronson, Action<br>Color 150 minutes.             | "Moonshine War" Richard Widmark<br>- Action Color 101 minutes                                  |
| "No Blade of Grass" Jean Wal-<br>lace, Anthony May - SiFiC 97 m.                                    | "Night Digger" Patricia Neal,<br>Pamela Brown - SC 100 minutes.                                |
| "The Magic Garden of Stanley<br>Sweetheart" Don Johnson, Michael<br>Color - Drama Color 117 minutes | "Seven Faces of Doctor Lao" Tony<br>Randall, Barbara Eden - Science<br>Fiction 100 minutes     |
| "Sitting Target" Oliver Reed,<br>Jill St. John - Color.                                             | "Beneath the Planet of the Apes"<br>Kim Hunter, Maurice Evans -<br>Science Fiction 95 minutes. |
| "The Big Bamboo" Richard Round-<br>tree - Action Color.                                             | "The Boys of Paul Street"<br>Anthony Kemp, Julien Holdaway -<br>Action Color 104 minutes.      |
| "Every Little Crook & N a n ny"<br>Lynn Redgrave, Victor Mature -<br>Crime.                         | "Move" Elliot Gould DC 92 mins.                                                                |
| "Deadly Honeymoon" Jan-Michal-<br>Vincent, Drama.                                                   | "The Slams" DC 92 minutes                                                                      |
| "Hombre" Paul Newman, Richard<br>Boone - Western Color 111 mins.                                    | "The Guns at Batasi" Richard<br>Attenborough, Jack Hackens, -<br>Action Color 103 minutes.     |
| "The Longest Day" Eddie Albert<br>- Drama Color 180 minutes.                                        | "Trader-Horn" Rod Taylor,<br>Annie Heywood - Drama Color.                                      |
| "Vivia-Zapata" Marlo Brando,<br>Anthony Quinn, AcC 113 minutes.                                     | "The Carey Treatment" James<br>Coburn, Jennifer O'Neill -<br>Suspense Color 100 minutes.       |
| "Clay Pigeon" Robert Vaughan,<br>Telly Savalco - CrC 96 minutes                                     | "Five Man Army" Peter Graves,<br>James Daley - AcC 107 minutes.                                |
| "The Fearless Vampire Killers",<br>Sharon Tate -Horror Color 97 m.                                  | "The Hill" Sean Connery, Ian<br>Bannen - War B/W 122 minutes.                                  |
| "The Green Slime" Robert Norton<br>Science Fiction.                                                 | "Never so Few" Frank Sinatra,<br>Gina Lollobrigida, WrC 124 min.                               |
|                                                                                                     | "Von Ryan's Express" Frank<br>Sinatra - War Color.                                             |

The above is a list of above picked by the Inmate Committee. Any changes in the listing during the season, will not be the fault of the committee, we expect the film company to do their best to uphold their end of the contract.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Shand



# Crossword

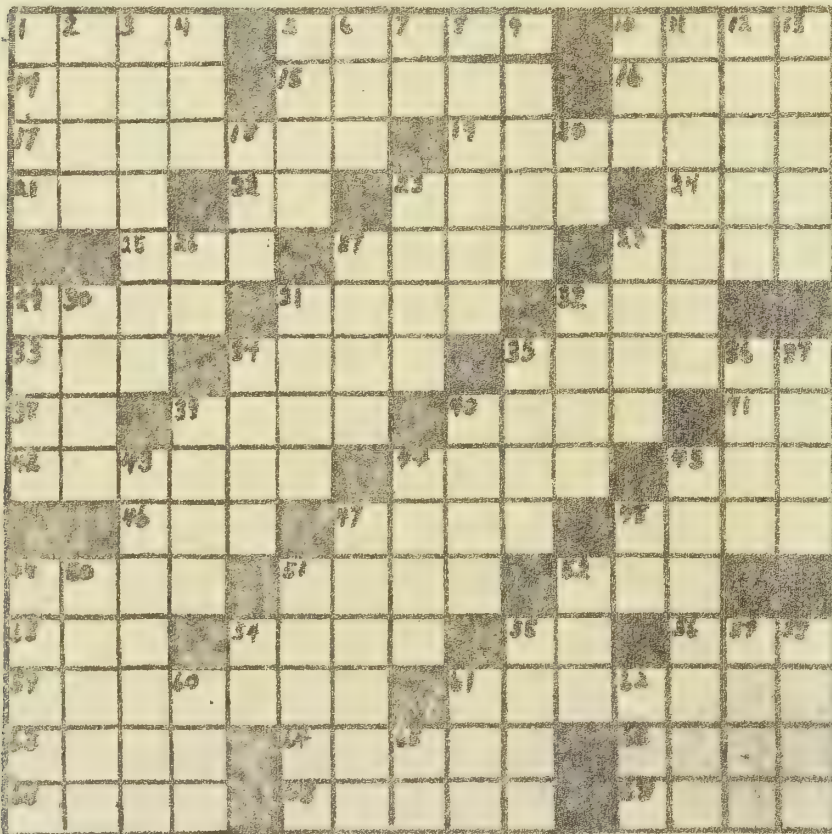
By Cecil Burnett

## ACROSS

1. not one
5. creator
10. a prefix  
meaning half
14. affirm
15. wear away
16. conclusions
17. lowest in  
quality
19. not lawful
21. make a mistake
22. chemical symbol
23. pierce with  
a knife
24. alkaline  
substance
25. Adam's mate
27. a lifeperserver
28. a young woman
29. a very small  
plant on rock
31. dentist's drill
32. a number
33. make a choice
34. kind, thoughtful
35. one who sands  
the wood
38. in the matter of
39. speak
40. informed
41. towards
42. necessitate
44. skin opening
45. atop
46. be ill
47. make a hole  
by drill
48. alcoholic  
beverage
49. give for a sale
51. farm building
52. Big\_\_\_\_\_.
53. raw metal
54. the dark part  
of twilight
55. short for mother
56. gained a victory
59. small pieces  
of candy
61. last name
63. Italian family
64. doctrine
66. space
67. repose
68. a division of USA
69. kept in

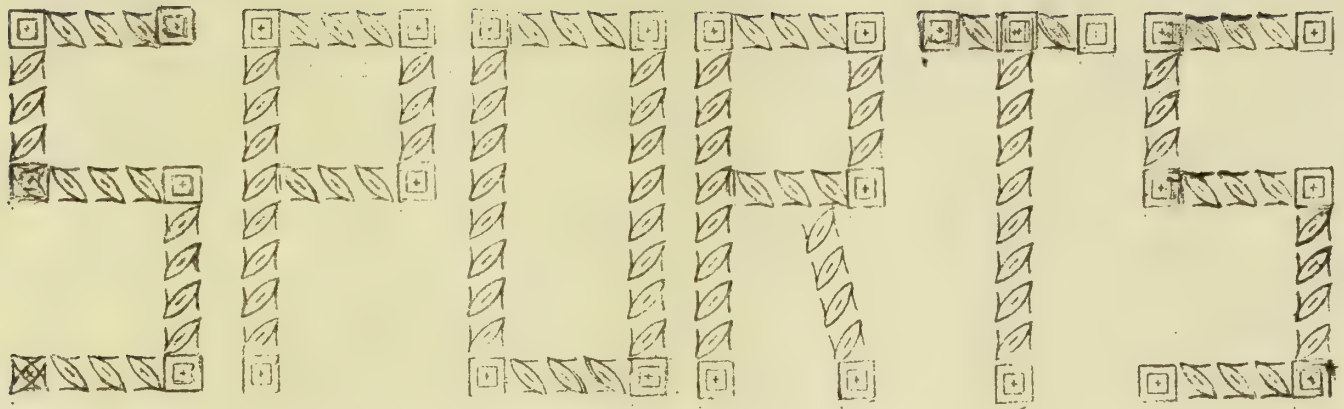
## DOWN

1. appellation
2. above
3. closest
4. sea eagle
5. tableland
6. skill
7. technical term  
in boxing
8. reviser
9. a kind of race
10. perceive
11. mother country
12. the days on which  
active mobilization  
for war is ordered.
13. small islands
18. before
20. pound (abbrev.)
23. certain
26. versus
27. dollar
28. give money  
for a loan
29. greater in amount
30. not close
31. bird's beak
32. story
34. wood fastener
35. painful
36. famous English Boy's  
school
37. a cord
39. coin side
40. ripped
43. special abilities
44. meat
45. pots, pans, etc.
47. a kind of  
hunting hound
48. plural of I
49. serious
50. irregular
51. baseball term (pl)
52. tavern
54. perform
55. unable to speak
57. portent
58. clean
60. wager
61. place
62. a short sleep
65. element (symbol)



ANSWER ON PAGE #34





## NEWS VIEWS

By Chester Hunchak

The ball is going full swing now and its really tough country in both A & B Leagues. There are three teams in A this season and by the tough pitching of Lundquist, Smith and MacDonald no one can predict which team will get the buy in the playoffs. By early going it appears that John (Weeze) Warrington of the Sabres could take the batting championship. The speedy little centre fielder has got a hit 13 of his last 14 times at bat.

In B League the Jokers are the team to beat right now even after losing there power hitter Ralf Cote to A League. The Clubs aren't far behind as they have only lost two games compared with the Jokers one. The other three teams are still trying to get on the winning side. The power hitting of Jamie Baker of the Clubs is a

thing of the past as now the stocky young centerfield has been drafted to A. Peter Kenny is the most likely player at this point for the batting champion.



CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



## CLIPPERS

The Clippers haven't got near a strong a team field wise this season. However the pitching is really strong, Bob Lundquist has proved the most effective so far giving up only 11 hits in 22 innings of ball. He is also the top batter at a .529 average. Lundquist has two wins pitching a one hitter and a three hitter. Bob lost only one game allowing only three hits and giving up no walks. Buddy Smith another top chucker has three wins and a loss. Joe MacDonald another good pitcher had just gotten started and was injured on a sliding play at



home base. It's not know how long he'll be out. The Clippers have eight wins, three losses and four ties. These ties are games against the Farm Annex Jail & the women's team the Browne Dusters, as none of these teams are allowed into the institution.

## TENNIS & HANDBALL

The tennis and handball tournaments are finally finished. In tennis singles Bernier took first; Arnott, second; and Hoppenhower snuck in for third. In the doubles, Arnott and Baker teamed up to take first, Bernier and Armsden took second.

In the Handball singles Arnott got first; Goodall, second; and Livingston, third. In the Doubles, who again but Max Arnott with Labuick; Second was Goodall and Livingston; third was Ace Johnson and Dunn.

There is a small singles tennis tournament on now for tobacco. There is both A & B divisions so that the poorer players won't be out-classed.

Oliver Patton is your man to see for all your tennis and handball equipments and be more considerate on his golf course markers.

There won't be much happening for July 1 because everything will be for our August recess which we'll have tennis, handball, horse shoe, and golf tournaments besides all our field events, from the pits to the gruelling ten mile race.

REMEMBER, the sport is only as good as your PARTICIPATION.







# PRODUCTION REPORT

By Tom Goodall

We are, indeed, products of the form and substance of guilt. Elemental guilt, the totalitarian affect that causes the individual to suffer one common penalty as though he were responsible for all crimes committed.

We are the commodity of an industry. Items manufactured with a life-time guarantee, to repose; to serve our masters with blind obedience, in degradation, for the rest of our lives. Then, in this separate reality should we not request, at whatever cost, remuneration equal to the realization being reaped from our personal sacrifice? We are criminals, but still human beings with the inalienable right to assume the 'normal' functions of human behavior.

I am a criminal by profession, My professional status, though poorly paid is recognized by society as 'habitual'. But regardless of the play-on-words I am a professional, established by reputation, aristocratic in attitude with a specialized means of earning a living. By crime.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



## PRODUCTION REPORT

(Continued from last page)

To me, criminality is my freedom of choice. I could have chosen to be a carpenter, a butcher, a mechanic. But I did not. I chose to be a criminal. But like the carpenter who smashes a thumb, or the butcher who might cut off a finger, or the mechanic who was killed under a collapsed car jack my occupation too has its hazards, and imprisonment is the hazard of my trade.

It is an 'established' fact that prison people are by majority recidivists; as proven by existing statistics that in excess of eighty percent of released prisoners return to prison within a twelve month period. We, the prison people, experience these statistics as meaning that one hundred percent of all released cons return. The 'unknown' twenty percent being ex-cons who have died, become too old or have suffered some other physical disability that keeps them from practising their trade. These few are 'replaced', in turn, by 'first-offenders' who replenish the prison quota by promotion through the assisting or support agency, juvenile detention centres and 'Boys Schools'. Which serve in capacity of a maintaining function, to replenish physically worn-out prisoner stocks.

You see, incarceration can very easily be viewed as an industry. Especially by prison people who experience the results of society's ludicrous system. They look upon incarceration through contrast; people outside prison have some semblance of control and responsibility to themselves regarding decisions which involve

their lives, we, the prison people, do not, and we are suppressed if we attempt to exert any control over our lives. We reject as facile the intention of incarceration. Prison intends only one thing. That the released con will return to prison.

To the newly released prisoner what is usually taken for granted by non-prison people is terrifying. For the conditioning process is such that a prisoner becomes abnormal in order to partially survive mentally and physically within the prison system.

Upon being released, the process must somehow be reversed. Yet many of the prison people being released cannot cope with the transition that is necessary and it is inevitable that the majority of these people will be returned for socially unacceptable behaviour.

What is not understood by most people, is that having a released person returning once again as a prisoner is the only purpose of the prison system! The reason for this is economical, nothing more, nothing else.

Economically the prison system is a hundred and fifty million dollar a year business. As with any other business it has a commodity, in this instance, prison people are the commodity that allows the prison system its continued expansion.

The federal prison system uses approximately one hundred and fifty million dollars a year and this expenditure is for the federal prison system alone (this figure is not un-

CONTINUED  
NEXT PAGE



## PRODUCTION REPORT

(Continued from last page)  
realistically high when capital expenditure is seen as depreciable rather than total write-off the latter being the government's method of handling such figures).

If the police, judiciary and the prison system and other supportive institutions are looked at in each province something like the following will be seen: courthouses, city prisons, provincial prisons, community centres, and to these, of course, should be added the employees; e. g., courthouses with magistrates, judges, appeal court judges, court clerks, sheriffs, bailiffs, crown prosecutors, and others and their staffs and supply agencies and the list goes on and on. The same break down can be provided for every branch of the criminal justice system, and the total picture is alarming when one discovers just how 'important' essential, prisons are to the economy. We are a total society dependent on acts of crime, regardless of which end one is on.

All of this is supported by the tax dollar and it is costing more each year! What the taxpayer receives is nothing, for the larger percentage of prison people do not return to society as functionable people. The 'cloak' of rehabilitation is just a propaganda means of raising taxes to support 'cradle to the grave' welfare. It's a hoax.

When you look deeply into the various aspects of prisons and their support systems, a picture of a large, ever expanding business emerges and turns out to be one of the bigger industries in Canada.

Having prisoners return to society as an acceptable member of the community would in effect bankrupt the prison system (as 85% of all crimes are committed by the revolving 85% recidivists-prison-people-membership. The professionals. Petty as they often are, but the established criminal.

This to many people is a horrifying concept to consider. All that is being done in the prison system today is really nothing more than a detain, dehumanize and release function. A successful rehabilitation programme the, is one which guarantees that the programmed prisoner will return after being released. Canada's prison system could then be described as a success.

In view of this, it is logical then to look upon incarceration as being a valid contribution to the community. Prisoners then, indeed, do perform a necessary and obviously worthwhile function by populating the prison system, employing thousands of citizens who would otherwise be welfare cases, expanding the economy by corrupting 'first offenders' and those they associate with, thus insuring future generations of prisoners, to fill and expand the present prison system.

Need prison people come to the violence and destruction of the present system just to receive what is their right by nature, and the law? Are we really so insignificant that we can be totally unforgiven? I wonder, but if something happens to me or the system and its puppet administrators, well, better we should all die believing in ourselves than live under totalitarian rule.

I'm a tradesman, not a traitor.





"THIS REALLY TEACHES A MAN A LESSON ABOUT FOOLING WITH STRANGE JASPERS. . . THIS IS MY THIRD LESSON."

BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY OF THE DEATH RAYS IN THE DINING HAWLS  
OF HOW I OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE EDITORS OF THIS  
MAGAZINE.

BY Kilgore Trout

As you are all aware, we have recently had some disturbing mechanical contrivances placed in each and everyone of our dining hawls. These 'things' give off a disturbing and strange blue light that reminds me of the time, in my early childhood, back on the farm, when...oh well, that's another story.

So here we have it. They have these weird blue things in the dining hawls and a great deal of speculating is going on as to what they are and what they are for. Some say that they are fly catchers (I find that difficult to believe and I will explain why in a minute), others claim they are electronic snooping devices placed in the dining hawls to pick up bits of juicy commentary for Racy Rumor-monger. None of these are true, of course, because I (your on

the spot, secret reporter) have scooped all the major newspapers of the world and Prince Albert to bring you the inside track on my frightening discovery. I am here to put your mind at rest!

Recently, (yesterday morning to be exact) I had my first opportunity to visit the new dining area. After three years

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## DINING HAWLS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE)  
of total and unbroken isolation (I was in the digger planning this article) it was a welcome change. I entered the dining hawl like everyone else (editor: he skulked along the walls) and began to eat my meal: carefully checking it for mind wapping drugs and electronic listening devices. I enjoyed a hearty and pleasing breakfast of...(bleep)...and over a lukewarm cup of rancid coffee I overheard the following conversation explaining the true nature of those 'things' on the wall. A bit of a pun there - on the wall; "off the wall". The editor wanted to cut my pun but I snuck it in when he wasn't looking. He's not very astute. On second thought he is a stute!

The following is a fully documented conversation between the editors of this magazine. Anyone wishing to hear the conversation, word for word, can come to my cell (number 13; penthouse lane) and listen to the tape recording I made from the electronic listening device I have carefully secreted in my wristwatch (no one knows about this except me, and now you, so keep it a secret as I wouldn't want 'them' to know about it). Here is the conversation. I make no apologies for the crudity of expression of the editorial staff. I have merely recorded the inhuman and slovenly manner in which they talk. They are rather dull witted but they do the best they can. As a matter of fact, the editor is a flaming fag...but that's another story. Here is the conversation, as recorded.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Ya see dos thins on da wall? Well, ya no what dey are? Dey are deat' rays dat is gonna zap us da

firs' time we doin' some bad thin'. Da firs' time we make a mess or trow stuff on da floor dem blue light is gonna get briter an briter unteail day jus reach out and zap ever damn one of us!

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF (number two man. their relationship is unprintable): Oh ya?

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Ya! (the editor in chief is a crud of sorts ...but that's another story) Besydes dat I'm a wizad. Took my traynin' wit da hat. Firs' tin I learned was how to talk right. Any ways, if ya want I can make ya into a frog.

NUMBER TWO MAN: I don wanna be no frog.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Zap! you is a frog.

FROG: Croak!

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Now, if I gives ya asmooch ya becomes a prince (Clarence?) or a queen (ha, ha, I ain't saying). Would ya like to be a queen?

FROG: Croak!

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Kiss! Smooch! Smack!!

PRINCE: (disgustedly wiping his mouth) God, you're a perv. Kissing frogs! God, you're a perv. Hey, if you're such a hot shot wizad why couldn't you just turn me into a prince without all of this frog and kissing sh..? Why's that? Huh? Huh?

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Everthin mus have its price. Ya thin turnin pipple inta princes is easy? Der are steps ta be followed an rules ta be observed. Des thins can't be taken litely. As for

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## DINING HAWLS

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE)

ya, we all have ta make our sacrifices in da name a da cause. Maintain! ...sista?

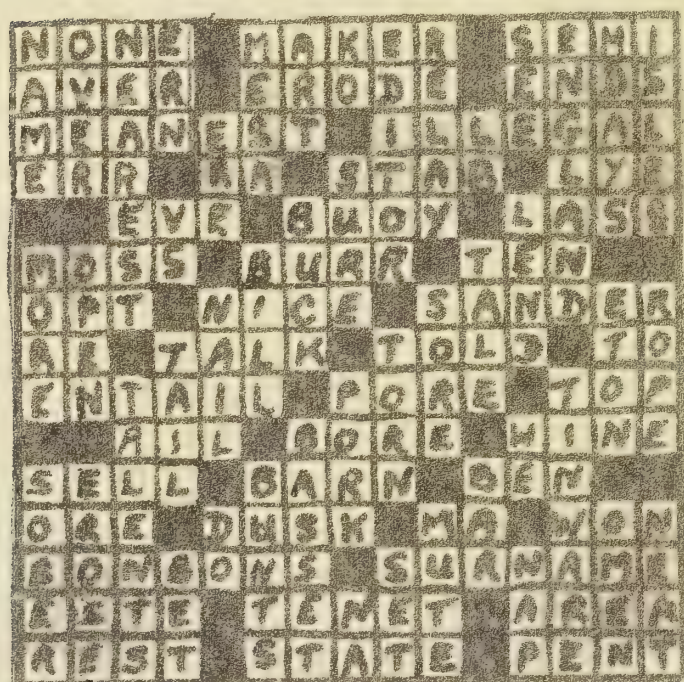
But that's another story...

Getting back to those things in the dining hawls being fly catchers. I have the inside story on that too and also. There is a devious and subtle conspiracy going on. I learned about this by accident, one cold and dark night, during my lengthy stay in the pleasure palaces of penthouse lane...but that's another story. This conspiracy is confidential, just between you and me, (heaven only knows what "They'll" do if "they" realize I'm on to "them") so don't let anyone know about it. It will be our little secret; that and the wristwatch. This, then, (Editor: AT LAST!) is the story ...In the dark and damp recesses of the twilight tunnels and pleasant pathways, carefully conceal-

ed, beneath the blooming byways of this decadent dungeon, is a large and secret complex known only to the misinformed and uninitiated (C.O's) (but that's another story). In this complex they are breeding huge and vicious rats the size of dogs with the dispositions of frustrated fa...(editor: but that's another story) Besides the brutes they are also breeding monstrous flies which is why those things in the dining hawls aren't fly catchers. All the flies are in training and don't need to be caught, besides the dining hawls have been marked off-bounds to flies in training. (editor: also, these flies are rented to hollywood, in the off season, for the making of horror movies.) That's right, so there just aren't any flies around. Now, the purpose of all this breeding of brutes and monsters is...they will be used, along with the blue death rays to sap the sh.. out of everyone of us! (editor: "da firs' time we make a mess or trow stuff on da floor.")

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## Solution To Puzzle



Legal Aid is now here on a weekly basis beginning July 16 1975. They will handle any individual cases, criminal or civil. Ms. Martin is the representative and will be glad to hear anyone.

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The John Howard Society in Prince Albert purchased a large house for their new office-space and the new chairman Ray Smith has allocated rooms to be used rent free by inmates families while visiting the institution. Mr. Smith told me that there are kitchen facilities and it looks to me that this house may do a lot toward easing the load on Billy Johnson's wife who has been letting some of our wives stay with her.





# SCANDAL

## SHEET

BY DWIGHT GEMBY

New play up and coming, by our one and only, playwright, Ron Emkeit, has sugar lips, Burnside, as the leading actor, wonder why he is known as sugar lips.

If there are any race fans in here, you will be happy to know that in August there will be 4 go-carts in the joint for the race bugs.

Will Ray Trotchie enter you know who in the beauty contest. or "Maybe he will enter himself. 'Not You' Vance"!!

Pardon me Roy! Is that the cat who chewed your new shoes. Dave Selwood.

To the New Fish! Cehck your brain in at the door. Tom Good will.

Assistant Editor's Football Pick for the season.

1. Edmonton
2. Regina
3. Winnipeg

Definition of Justice "The Size of Your Bankroll"

Ad "Wanted" "Weight-lifters" see Ron Emkeit. Senior Citizen weight classes. Bring your own respirators.

Staff hold one day strike: are they more important than a life: STAY TUNED.

From David Wayne: I wish the army would come, so that they could say where is the problem, we could say: they are on strike when they come back, our problem comes back:

So here I sit in the dome reading Fat Albert watching minds minapulate each other.



# AN INTERVIEW WITH AUTHOR MAX BRAITHWAITE

## OR *THE NIGHT WE STOLE THE LITERARY LICENSE*

*By Bill Friesen*

It was my pleasure on June 27, to meet humorist Max Braithwaite, author of Canadiana such as "The Night We Stole the Mounties' Car" and more than nine other best-selling novels. Mr. Braithwaite, or Max, as he prefers to be called, is back in Prince Albert, the hometown of his youth, doing research for a new book. He told me that he will be working at the public library in beautiful downtown Prince Albert for two or three weeks, so my guess is that Prince Albert figures prominently in his new novel. In his book "Never Sleep Three in a Bed", chapter seven is headed, "Prince Albert, I love you". (Maybe I just haven't it a chance. Bill)

Max came into the penitentiary to meet our resident playwright, Ron Emkeit. Ron arranged a brief tour of the institution and I was fortunate enough to meet them and spend a few very

enjoyable minutes in conversation with this extremely charming man. He expressed interest in our efforts to organize a literary club for inmates and promised to help with advice when we need it. I asked Max to write an article for this publication, expanding on his reactions to this institution and the inmates he met during his visit. I realize that one doesn't just ask an author of Max Braithwaite's magnitude to grind-out free material, but an article about us by a professional, would be a boost for all of us. If we get the article, it will be featured in next month's edition.

On behalf of us all, we, the staff of OFF THE WALL, would like to thank Max for his interest and to wish him good luck for the future. [The subtitle of this article will remain a small joke between Mr. Braithwaite and myself.-Bill].



# RACY RUMORMONGER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

VANCE WITTAKER said he'd get a sex-change in a minute. "I'd come out of here a millionaire". Maybe, but who wants a million packs of tobacco?

ERNIE GIBSON is definitely NOT the guy who cries every night on E range. "That's just a vicious rumor started by the guys on both sides of me," he said tearfully.

Is BEAR CAT WHO's real name?

LARRY HARRISSON will definitely not enter the beauty contest this year.

POPO would like to apologize for ripping the back out of Larry's pants and chasing him past the guest ball club, but he laughs when he tries to speak to him.

WAYNE "I RAISE" NETHERCUTT hasn't been seen in the casino lately. Is there a game we haven't heard about?

WALLY MARX was not crying during Dr. Zhivago. He had something in his eye.

WALLY DESROCHERS was so nasty when he was a kid, his mother had to tie a pork-chop around his neck so the dog will play with him.

When you're as strong as KENNY LESARD, self-abuse is SELF-ABUSE!

STRETCH HALL doesn't talk to the wooden-ear that BRADSHAW made him. He wrotes it notes.

DAVE MILLGARD was a big winner in the poker game last week; he broke even.

TOMMY GOODALL "It's not my wife I miss so much, it's the kids. I wish they hadn't sent them all to Drumheller".

KINGSLEY BAKER wishes everybody would quit kidding him about the watch he used to have.

RON OKLEK said "Of course, I'm married! Do you think I come here to get away from my mother?"

PAT NOONAN is on the path of righteousness and rehabilitation. He intends to donate 10% of all he steals to the church.

OLIVER PATTON will have a story in next month OFF THE WALL, about how BEAR CAT got his name.

BOBBY YORE says he walks with his arms out because his lats are over-developed. The truth is, he's playing motorcycle.

While discussing the tennis courts, DAVID WAYNE was asked whether he preferred pavement or grass. "I don't know," he said, "I've never smoked pavement."



# RACY RUMORMONGER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

YANOR, who had not a sex-change in a minute. "I'd come out of town a million times," he said, "but who wants a million packs of tobacco?"

ERIE, who was definitely NOT the guy who cries every night on E. Range, "I'm a victim rumor started by the guys on both sides of me," he said cheerfully.

Is ERIC the W.C.'s real name? The answer was still definitely not even the heavy conceals this

POPO, who was to be applauded for recognizing back out of Larry's pants and chasing him past the great ball club, but he laughed when he tried to speak to him.

WAYNE, who had been seen in the casino lately. Is ERIC the W.C.'s real name? The answer was still definitely not even the heavy conceals this

WALLY, who was not crying during Dr. Shivers. He had something in his eye.

WALLY, who was no easy when he was a kid, his mother had to hold him back around his neck as the dog will play with him.

When ERIC was young as KENNY, LEBARD, self-abuse is SELF-ABUSE. STANLEY, who doesn't talk to the wooden-ear that BRADSHAW made him. He doesn't notice.

JOE, who was a big winner in the poker game last week. He didn't notice.

JOHN, who was not my wife I mean so much, it's the wife. I mean that's what she was all the time.

ERIE, who was everybody would put him in about the

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